

EVERS CALLED HARD

EIGHT-MONTHS-OLD SON CREDIT-
ED WITH SOME PUNGENT
REMARKS.

ANTICS OF KANSAS ZEPHYR

Frank Lubell Tells Story Illustrating
Part Luck Plays in Baseball—Jake
Stahl Has Peculiar Story of a
Freak Play.

By HUGH B. FULLERTON.

John J. Evers, Sr., came downtown on crutches a couple of days after the close of the world's championship series and seated himself disconsolately in his shoe store. Now there are two things especially of which John J. Evers, Sr., is proud. One is his team, the Cubs, and their inside play, and the other is John J. Evers, Jr., who now is something over seven months of age. When he isn't talking baseball he talks John J., Jr., aged almost eight months.

"The worst part of it all," said the little second baseman sadly, "was when I got home last night. John J., Jr., was sitting up waiting for me and as I came in at the door he asked, 'Oh, father, what was the score. It is of no use to ask who lost because I can see that by the way you are cranking.' I told him what the score was and he said: 'Well, of all the rotten, punk, putrid and decayed aggregations of alleged athletes I ever saw in all my seven months of life, those Cubs are the worst. They are putrescent and odoriferous. I don't see where you get off as a second baseman. That young fellow Collins took your crown away and made you look like a third edition of King Manuel. It is rather fortunate for the honor of the family that you broke your leg and didn't get into that series or he would have shown you up and made you look like a mole on a debutante's nose.'"

"Is that all he said, John?" asked one listener.

"That was practically all," admitted Evers. "He looked the rest."

"How old did you say he was?"

"Nearly eight months," remarked Evers.

Fame has its limitations. Connie Mack discovered this during the Philadelphia celebration of the Athletics' victory in the world's championship series. The entire city was given over to the celebration and honors were being heaped upon the leader of the White Elephants. He was the biggest man in Philadelphia and men of wealth and prominence in every line counted it an honor to sit with him. He was at one of the most exclusive clubs in the Quaker City, as the guest of some prominent citizens when a stranger who also was a visitor at the club was led forward and introduced.

"This is Mr. Mack," said the host, presenting the stranger.

"I'm pleased," said the stranger, shaking the extended hand, "I've seen you play and enjoyed it immensely."

"Indeed," replied Mack, politely. "You must be an old-time fan."

"I am," answered the stranger. "I especially enjoy the romantic Irish melodramas, but Mr. Mack, it seems to me that on the stage you seem much heavier."

"Luck is a big thing in baseball," remarked Frank Lubell, the "Bald Eagle of Wichita," who used to wear both White Sox and Cub uniforms. "But I think the toughest bit of luck we had this last season happened in a game against Denver early in the season.



Evers, Jr., Telling Evers, Sr., Where He Gets Off At.

You know that down in Wichita the wind blows at times. In fact every other part of the country is jealous of Kansas winds and most parts of Kansas are jealous of Wichita. Well, the wind was blowing right from center field that day. It wasn't much of a wind, only about 47 miles an hour, which we consider a zephyr in the spring. We needed one run to tie and two to win, and had men on second and third with no one out, so that it looked pretty soft. The batter hit a long, hard fly to center, a hit that ought to have been a home run if the wind hadn't been blowing. The center fielder came racing in to catch it, but the ball, after losing its force, began to blow back. The base runners saw the center fielder couldn't reach it and both started home. The wind blew the ball back until the second baseman and shortstop started after it, then the pitcher tried. Two runs had crossed the plate when the catcher saw the ball coming right into his hands. He thought rapidly, and stepping in on fair ground, caught the ball.

touched the plate and completed the triple play unassisted.

"That wasn't so bad. Of course we felt sore about it, but then such things are likely to happen in the breezy season, so we let it go, and didn't notice until afterwards that the umpire had been blown over the grandstand and wasn't there to give the decision. We found that out too late. I started to write a letter to President O'Neill, but the wind blew the ink off my pen faster than I could dip it up and I had to let the game go."

Jake Stahl, the big first baseman, who, after a career of 12 years at the University of Illinois and in the major leagues, has announced his intention of retiring from baseball to go into the banking business, has a peculiar story of a freak play that happened this season. The play illustrates the uncertainty of the game.

"We were playing the Athletics," says Stahl, "and Danny Murphy was at bat, with Ray Collins pitching. It was along late in the game, and for a wonder we had them beaten—although during the last season we seemed to be the easiest club in the country for them, not even barring the Cubs.

"The thing that happened just goes to show how a club that is playing in luck has all the luck. We had a couple of runs the lead, the game was near an end, and they had two men



A Kansas Zephyr.

on bases with two out and two strikes on Murphy, who is a cracking hitter toward right field, if he gets a good grip on the ball. He gave a swing at his third strike and hit the ball a terrific crack. I think I seldom have seen a ball hit harder than that one was. It came down the first base line so far foul that I thought it would go three feet or more outside the base, and about ten feet high. I made a wild running jump at that ball, shoved up my mitt, hoping to stab the ball as it went past.

"You may imagine my surprise when the ball darted down and in-shooting at least 12 feet, grazed my right knee and went to right field on fair ground. And when the ball hit the ground it struck, twisted toward the foul line, rolled perhaps thirty feet and stopped. Two runs scored, the batter reached second and scored later, beating us out of the game. The odd part of it was that when I ran back and picked up the ball it was split almost in half and had to be thrown out of play. We examined the ball afterward. It seems that the rubber which surrounds the cork core, had been overvulcanized, and Murphy hit it so hard that the rubber actually exploded, tore the yarn, the cord and the leather from the center out, and the air, catching the ball, made it dart onto fair ground, and beat us out of the ball game."

Frank Chance, leader of the Cubs during the last season, had a narrow escape from serious injury resulting from a freak of play much like that described by Stahl. The freak happened during the memorable game in which Chicago scored five runs and St. Louis also in the first inning, and all because it happened that a poor lot of balls got into the game. In the first inning of that game, which St. Louis finally won 15 to 9, Konetchy hit a ball so hard as to smash it out of shape. Chance leaped and stuck up his mitt to knock down the ball, which darted and hit him on the ear as it passed. The hit decided the game, showing how a bad baseball may beat a good team, if it acts in the proper manner.

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The Stubborn Boy.

The child with a will of his own, may be harder to raise, and cause some heartaches and anxiety, but that will, which is so hard to handle in youth, gets hold of a difficult problem in business in later years, and clinches itself around the problem, it does not let up until success is achieved.

The stubborn "be-sure-you-are-right-then-go-ahead" boys are worth much more than the gentle, yielding kind, provided they are properly trained. All the successful men in the country had wills of their own. A strong will well regulated is of more value than a rich relative.

Future Well Withheld.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortune, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity—
—Hawthorne.

Some Antique Mugs.

The college collector of antiques stopped off at Bacon Ridge.

"Good day, sir," he said, addressing the postmaster. "I am collecting old-fashioned articles and would like to know if I could find anything like that in this hamlet. Say antique mugs, for instance."

Uncle Jason stroked his chin whiskers.

"Antique mugs! By hark, I know the very place where there be two of them now."

"You do? Here's a good cigar. Now where can I find these antique mugs?"

"Why, down on Main street, in Hiram Sprucey's shop. Grandad Wheatley and Pap Simmons are in there getting shaved, and by hark, when it comes to antique mugs, I reckon there'll be the oldest in the country, stranger."

ECZEMA BROKE OUT ON BABY

"When my baby was two months old, she had eczema and rash very badly. I noticed that her face and body broke out very suddenly, thick, and red as a coal of fire. I did not know what to do. The doctor ordered castile soap and powders, but they did no good. She would scratch, as it itched, and she cried, and did not sleep for more than a week. One day I saw in the paper the advertisement of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, so I got them and tried them at once. My baby's face was as a cake of soap."

"When I first used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, I could see a difference. In color it was redder. I continued with them. My baby was in a terrible condition. I used the Cuticura Remedies (Soap and Ointment) four times a day, and in two weeks she was quite well. The Cuticura Remedies healed her skin perfectly, and her skin is now pretty and fine through using them. I also use the Cuticura Soap today, and will continue to, for it makes a lovely skin. Every mother should use the Cuticura Remedies. They are good for all sores, and the Cuticura Soap is also good for shampooing the hair, for I have tried it. I tell all my friends how the Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured my baby of eczema and rash." (Signed) Mrs. Drew, 210 W. 18th St., New York city, Aug. 26, 1910.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for free booklet on the skin.

Age of Oysters.

Oysters grow only during the summer and especially during the long, warm summers at that, and are scarcely big enough for the mouth before the third year. It is easy after looking over a bunch of shells to tell how old an oyster is. A summer hump and the winter sink come across the shell every year, but after the seventh or tenth year full growth comes; then, by looking at the sinks between the humps it is hard to tell anything more about Miss Oyster's age. Oysters live to be twenty years old.

A Poetic Prosecutor.

John Burns, city prosecutor of St. Paul, was trying to show Judge Finebout why some young men ought to be hawed for tearing pickets off the fence of Mrs. Joe Goosik. Mr. Burns said:

"I know Mike Chicklet tore off that picket, and the lady took offense."

"No lady is charged with taking a fence," replied Judge Finebout, "and, besides, this is no place for poetry."

Made It Necessary.

"Horace Greely invented the typewriter."

"Where did you get that idea?"

"Well, that isn't exactly what I mean, but his handwriting was probably more responsible for it than any other one thing."

When a married woman prays for a hat, the Lord may answer her prayer, but it's her husband who pays for it.

GETTING A HIGH STANDARD

Child's Idea of Goodness Set Forth in Perfect Faith, Without Irreverence.

All things are relative, and to the child, gazing at life and its wonders with eyes as yet undimmed by sophistication or sorrow, nothing is impossible, nothing unspeakable, nothing too sacred to be discussed or too difficult to be attempted. Not irreverence nor impertinence, but innocence prompts such speeches as that recorded of the child of a popular journalist by his devoted paternal grandmother.

"Grandma," said the little boy, delightedly addressing her, "do you know what's going to happen? Papa says that if we're real, real good, he'll take us to the circus!"

"That's nice," smiled the young-hearted adult between whom and the eager youngster no hint of age separation mars perfect comradeship. "How good do we have to be?"

The embryo man, after a moment of silent consideration: "Oh, as good as God, I guess!"

EXPERIENCE.



Teacher—Tommy, what is a cōquette?

Tommy—It's a thing you make out of what's left of the stewed chicken.

Elephant Guards Duck.

Gunda, "biggest and baddest" of the elephants at the Bronx zoo, has been under surveillance for the past week because of his strange actions. Since being given the range of the yard outside his house he took up his stand in one corner close beside the main walk.

Keeper Thurman has found the reason for his odd behavior. Under the edge of a pile of hay which Gunda himself had fashioned, Thurman found a mallard duck sitting on six eggs. The moment Thurman approached them Gunda warned him to be careful.

"You're a sentimental old fraud," Thurman replied, and Gunda danced a jig to show that he didn't care if he was. His great feet drummed all around the nest, but the mallard never winked. Thurman says she knew she had no reason to be afraid.—New York World.

Difficult to Answer.

Explaining the happenings of the sixth day of the creation, Miss Frances Hartz read to her Sabbath school class: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground."

"Well," spoke up one kid, "that's nothin' new. Did he put him in the sun to dry, the way we do our mud pies?"

Miss Hartz discreetly slurred the answer and proceeded with her lesson.—Cleveland Leader.

Very Much Attached.

Swenson—Why do you always hear a ship referred to as "she"?

Benson—I guess it is because she sometimes becomes very much attached to a buoy.

An artist is one who can create that which has the power to haunt the mind.

98% of the World's Creameries Use DE LAVAL Cream Separators

Ten years ago there were a dozen different makes of creamery or factory separators in use. Today over 98 per cent. of the world's creameries use DE LAVAL separators exclusively.

It means a difference of several thousand dollars a year whether a DE LAVAL or some other make of separator is used in a creamery.

Exactly the same differences exist, on a smaller scale, in the use of farm separators. Owing to the fact, however, that most farm users do not keep as accurate records as the creameryman, they do not appreciate just what the difference between a good and a poor separator means to them in dollars and cents. Nine times out of ten the farmer can't tell whether or not he is wasting \$50 to \$100 a year in quantity and quality of product through the use of an inferior cream separator.

Now, if you were in need of legal advice, you would go to a lawyer. If you were sick you would consult a doctor. If you had the toothache you would call on a dentist. Why? Because these men are all specialists in their line, and you rely upon their judgment and skill. When it comes to buying a separator why not profit by the experience of the creameryman? His experience qualifies him to advise you correctly. He knows which separator will give you the best service and be the most economical for you to buy. That's why 98 per cent. of the world's creameries use the DE LAVAL exclusively.

There can be no better recommendation for the DE LAVAL than the fact that the men who make the separation of milk a business use the DE LAVAL to the practical exclusion of all other makes.

Before you buy any Cream Separator be sure to see the local DE LAVAL agent and try a DE LAVAL.

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105-107 Broadway, NEW YORK
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Socially Launched.

In his native town Jimmy had always been most popular with young and old, but when he was sent away to boarding school, he was for a time too homesick to make friends. His first letter was little more than a wall.

"I'm way behind the other boys in everything," he wrote, dolefully. "I can't only studies, but it's gymnastics and banjos and everything. I don't believe they'll ever have much use for me."

But the second letter, written after a week in the new school, was quite different in tone.

"I'm all right," he wrote to his mother. "The boys say they'll teach me all they know, for they're proud to have me here. I can stretch my mouth half an inch wider than any other boy in school, and my feet are the longest by a full inch. So you needn't worry about me any more."—Youth's Companion.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a funny thing," said Blinks.

"It ought to be," said the Philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Blinks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blest if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the Philosopher.

"Are what?" said Blinks.

"Blest if they can see an English joke," said the Philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."—Harper's Weekly.

If You Have Money.

That fellow Gotox is a multimillionaire. He has more money than brains."

"Well, what does he want with brains?"

Strictly Business.

Mrs. Knicker—Did you hold a short session with your husband?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.

A woman's idea of a brave man is one who isn't afraid to go into a dark

Why Booklet Was Popular.

An employee of a large trans-Atlantic steamship company says that one of the booklets published by the concern for free distribution was so much in demand on a recent trip of one of the ships that the supply on board ran out and a demand by mail reached the office a day after the ship landed. "Not because any of the people wanted to gain additional information about our ships or sailing dates," he explained, "but because the little book contained the words of 'America,' the British national anthem, the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Home, Sweet Home.' On the trip across there was no passenger who knew the words of any two of the songs. In fact, there were only three who knew one, and that one was in all cases 'God save Our Gracious King.'"—New York Tribune.

A Question of Change.

A story is going the rounds of a couple of young people who attended church recently. When the collection was being taken up the young man commenced fishing in his pocket for a dime. His face expressed his embarrassment as he hoarsely whispered: "I guess I haven't a cent, I changed my pants." The young lady, who had been examining the unknown regions of woman's dress for her purse, turned a pink color and said: "I'm in the same fix."

Ambiguous.

Obliging Shopman (to lady who has purchased a pound of butter)—Shall I send it for you, madam?

Lady—No, thank you. It won't be too heavy for me.

Obliging Shopman—Oh, no, madam. I'll make it as light as I possibly can.—Punch.

Foolish.

"I am going to ask your father tonight for your hand in marriage."

"How dreadfully old fashioned you are."

"In what way?"

"Don't ask him; tell him."

Not Particular.

She—I heard Freddy Pickle has decided to marry and settle down to a particular girl.

He—Huh! She can't be.

Can't Get Away From It

Is it possible to nourish, strengthen and Re-build the Brain by Food?

Every man who thinks uses up part of the brain each day. Why don't it all disappear and leave an empty skull in say a month of brain work? Because the man rebuilds each day.

If he builds a little less than he destroys, brain fog and nervous prostration result sure. If he builds back a little more each day, the brain grows stronger and more capable. That also is sure. Where does man get the material to rebuild his brain? Is it from air, sky or the ice of the Arctic sea? When you come to think about it, the rebuilding material must be in the food and drink.

That also is sure.

Are the brain rebuilding materials found in all food? In a good variety but not in suitable proportion in all.

To illustrate: we know bones are made largely of lime and magnesia taken from food; therefore to make healthy bone structure we must have food containing these things. We would hardly feed only sugar and fat to make healthy bone structure in a growing child.

Likewise if we would feed in a skillful manner to insure getting what the brain requires for strength and rebuilding, we must first know what the brain is composed of and then select some article or articles (there are more than one) that contain these elements.

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash) 3.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all mineral salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phos-

phoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grains. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain fog because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

Grape-Nuts contain that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required. Brain rebuilding material is certainly found in

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.